

It'll Never Be the Same

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Summary: After the Miss Teenage Hairspray Pageant, Amber VonTussle is feeling the aftermath and most of all...She's missing Link. ((I don't own anything)) ONE SHOT

It'll Never Be the Same

Amber Von Tussle wasn't her mother. She hated the fact that everyone compared to her mother and she'd done all she could to please her.

But now her mother wasn't as in control of her as she'd like to be, and Amber was becoming a better person. No one would believe her, but she was truly in love with her ex boyfriend: Link Larkin.

Every day, she saw them together, Link and Tracy and it killed her, every time he smiled at her, every time he kissed her and held her close to him.

She missed that, she missed the way she would giggle as he stole one, or two or three kisses from her, the way he would look her in the eyes and tell her, he loved her.

She missed all that. But most of all, she missed Link. She could barely hold it together when she saw him, they never spoke anymore, and it was all her fault.

She wished more than anything she could do something to make thing better, make things right, but she couldn't think of anyway she could, without everyone spreading rumors and telling lies behind her back.

She sighed as she walked round the corner towards her American History class, and as she was all caught up in her own thoughts and feelings, she didn't notice as she walked straight into Tracy Turnblad herself.

As Amber looked up, she found herself willing herself not to cry as she saw Tracy 'S-sorry" she stuttered as she tried desperately to walk around her and not burst into tears on the spot.

"Amber, are you okay?" she heard Tracy call behind her. Amber didn't turn around, but stopped dead in her tracks. "I-I'm sorry for what I did to you" she said sincerely before walking ahead, tears sliding down her pale cheeks.

She walked in her class and took her seat at the back of the class and hurriedly took out her notebook and pen and scribbled down the title in her neat handwriting.

But as class went on, her thoughts wandered back towards the teenage heartthrob that she had once called her own. She remembered the way he had danced with her on the show for two years before plucking up the courage to ask her out.

And she already loved him then, but her mother saw it as a way to increase her popularity, to have the lovable Amber VonTussle dancing with the teenage icon Link Larkin.

"Miss VonTussle, are you paying attention?" asked Mr. Flack, the most boring teacher anyone could have "Y-yes sir" she said sadly before copying down the notes from the blackboard.

When the bell finally rang, she left her seat as quickly as possible and half-walked, half-ran to the bright yellow bus that would take her to hell: The Corny Collins Show set.

She sighed and sat down on the bus, waiting to be mocked, ridiculed, but none of that came, the other dancers ignored her, not completely, but they didn't whisper behind her hands as they normally did.

And then came Tracy, and with her, holding her hand as if it was the dearest thing in the world, Link. Amber deliberately looked away, staring deliberately out of the window, looking at nothing in particular.

She heard Link and Tracy laugh and joke as the bus pulled away and it was all she could do, to block it out, to ignore it, to pretend that she hadn't lost the most precious thing in the world, to her.

But after minutes of their effortless laughing and joking with each other, Amber couldn't take it anymore, she put her head in her hands and forced herself not to cry for the second time that day.

It didn't help that all she could think about was him. His laugh, his smile, they way his voice mellowed when he sang. He used to sing for her, but now, he only sang for Tracy.

And whenever he sang on The Corny Collins Show, she would smile and clap along with the other dancers, then run to her dressing room and cry for hours.

And whenever her mom came to look for her, she turn off the lights and sit in the dark so no one would find her. And when she went home, she would smile and joke with her mother about 'the great white whale' before burying her face in her pillow and trying to not think

about Link.

"Ermâ€|Amber, we're here" she heard him say, before leaving with Tracy. She composed herself, standing up, dignifiedly before following them out. She sighed, knowing things would never be the same between them ever again.

End
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